The proudest did presume a
draught to take,
Was sure to have his passport
sealed with knocks
Thus lived I till my innocence was
known.
And then returned , the King
was pensive grown.

And for the wrong which he had
offered me,
He vowed me greater friendship
than before,
My false accusers lost their liberty,
And next their lives , I could not
challenge more
And thus with love, with honour
and with fame,
I did return to London whence I
came